

Tyler, Daniel F.

Where To Go in Florida



WHERE TO GO
IN
FLORIDA.

By
DANIEL F. TYLER.

“Those opinions only are to be approved which the lives of those who hold them confirm.”—ARISTOTLE.

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AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

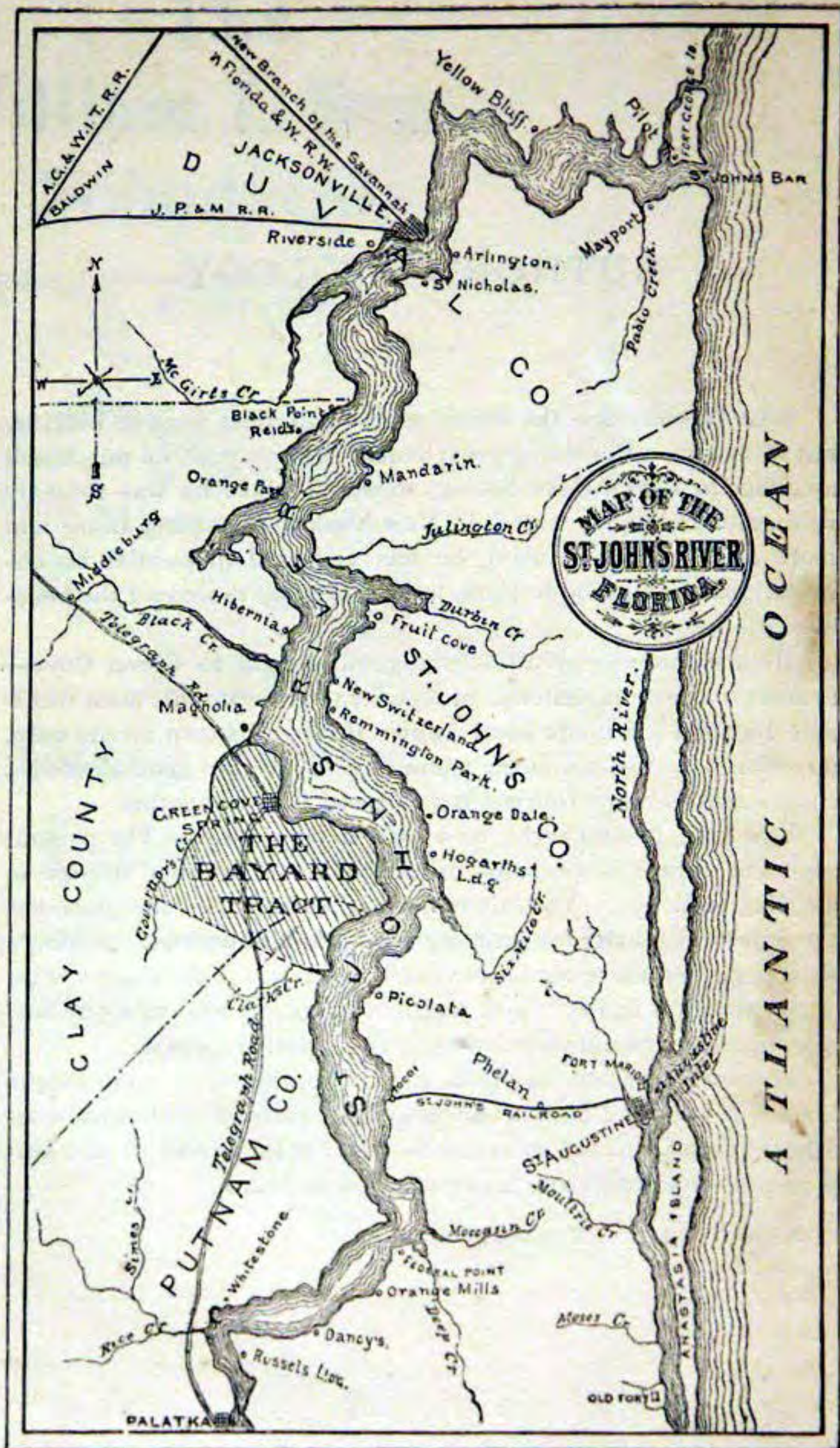
Five Winters ago, the writer of this pamphlet went to Florida, out of health. Receiving great benefit the first year, he purchased a cottage at Green Cove Spring, to which place he was strongly recommended by a friend in New York. Becoming more and more attached to the spot, he has ventured to publish his observations in this simple form, hoping thereby to extend the benefit to others.

He also hopes—by attracting good people to Green Cove—to add greatly to its material prosperity. Hitherto this most desirable location has made itself known through its own merits only, no efforts having yet been made to bring it into general notice; consequently, many tourists have passed it by altogether.

You may, at first sight, be a little disappointed. The general aspect of things is, perhaps, primitive, and somewhat strange to the Northern eye. Yet this is not unpleasing; and the place has a wonderful capacity for growing upon one's affections. A single Winter passed there confirms your love for it. You always want to go back to it again. You realize a moral, as well as a physical benefit, from this communion with the primitive world.

The author has endeavored, in this pamphlet, to state simple facts. If anything here seems too highly colored, it should be attributed wholly to the writer's affection for the place; or as a sort of mental thank-offering for restoration to health.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1880.





GREEN COVE SPRING,

CLAY CO., FLORIDA.

"Be sure to go to Green Cove Spring, and take a plunge in the swimming-pools there," said an old friend in New York, to the writer. "*Green Cove is the most enjoyable place in Florida,*" he continued; "*and there is where to go.*"

To the Florida tourist nothing can be in greater contrast than to get out of the dusty cars at Jacksonville, and be transferred to the deck of the St. John's River steamer. Very soon you are steaming away up the river, with a soft breeze fanning your cheek. After leaving Jacksonville behind you, the river gradually broadens out until it attains the magnificent width of five miles. In less than three hours you reach Green Cove Spring, thirty miles south of Jacksonville.

Man is a sort of semi-amphibious creature—he loves the water. Consequently one of the first things which attaches the new comer to Green Cove, is the discovery that the whole river front is not taken up by steamboat wharves, stores and warehouses.

The most attractive walk there, is along the banks of the river, with not a thing to obstruct the vision but the overhanging branches of the trees. Beautiful vistas continually open out upon the river, as you stroll along through "Lover's Walk," and the eye reaches over the blue expanse of water to the distant shore,

meeting occasionally, along the horizon, with a flock of white curlews, gray herons or mallard ducks.



Above you are the lofty branches of the live oak, the magnolia and the cypress. Long festoons of gray Spanish moss hang suspended from ten thousand forest trees, or wave gracefully in the gentle breeze. And, if it happens to be February, the air is filled with the rich fragrance of yellow jasmine, which blooms in that month—a far sweeter perfume to many than that of the orange blossom itself.

Sitting upon an old log in these primeval woods, you lift your hat from your brow, expand your chest, and drink in with delight the balmy air you have travelled more than a thousand miles to reach.

Surely—to the sensitive invalid, to the over-taxed student, or to the worn and weary business man, seeking rest and recruitment—no place on earth can surpass this lovely retreat.

A great source of comfort to sojourners at Green Cove is the absence of *dust and mud*. No matter how dry or how rainy the day may be, one is not blinded and tortured by clouds of the one, or puddles of the other of these common destroyers of human comfort.

FLORIDA A NORTHERN STATE.

It may almost be said with truth that Florida is a Northern State as regards population, so many Northerners are now residing there. You see it in the very *newness of things*. Settlements of Northern and Western people may be found in many parts, but especially along the St. John's River, the great central artery of the State.

The new comers are starting orange-groves, and planting bananas, sugar-cane, fig-trees, guavas, Japan-plum, &c., &c. But the State appears primitive yet.

It seems to me that a most paying investment for the new settlers along the St. John's River, would be the raising of early strawberries, peas, cucumbers, beets, potatoes, &c., for the New York, Philadelphia and Boston markets, because transportation is speedy and direct from this region to the Northern markets, and the first early vegetables bring the highest prices. This ought to be a profitable employment for the farmer while awaiting the growth of his orange and lemon groves.

When the railway trains and steamers from the North arrive in Jacksonville, it is amusing to hear the exclamations of delight, and the spontaneous outbursts of those who have never been in Florida, and who left home only a few days before, and in a snow-storm perhaps. But when upon the broad and beautiful St. John's, sailing on towards Green Cove Spring, the exclamations of pleasure and surprise are more numerous still.

In the winter of 1877, when I crossed the Hudson at New York, *en route* for Florida, muffled in a heavy overcoat, I stood outside upon the deck watching the falling snow-flakes and listening to the huge cakes of floating ice butting the ferry-boat.

Two days and a few hours later brought me where ripe oranges were hanging on the trees, mocking birds were singing in the branches, and all living things seemed basking in the sunlight out-of-doors.

Marvelous change ! and in so short a time !



March is the month when the orange tree blossoms. It is a beautiful picture to see a large tree in full bloom, and at the same time, ripe oranges clustered amongst the blossoms. The dark glossy-green of the old leaf, and the delicate fresh verdure of the new leaf, are also to be seen upon the tree at the same time. Indeed, sometimes you see blossoms, green fruit, and ripe fruit, all upon the tree at once.

CHANGES IN TEMPERATURE.

"The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself to our gentle senses."

—*Shakspeare.*

Those who come to Florida, expecting that there will never be any changes in temperature greater than ten degrees, or that the air is dead with perpetual sameness, will find themselves mistaken. There are not infrequent changes of 10, 15, or 20 degrees, and more, in as many hours, perhaps. But the change is in a very different range of the thermometer from the changes at the North during the same months. It will be, for instance, from moderate to warm—say from 50° to 75°, or *vice versa*, while at the North the change will be one that fearfully racks a delicate organism. It will be a sudden jump from cool to below the freezing point.

At the North, in February, the invalid is languidly gasping for breath over a coal fire, or breathing the noxious airs of the furnace, or the sewer and the gas-pipe. In Florida he may be warmly wrapped, it is true, and sometimes sitting by a pine knot fire; but his life is mostly out-of-doors, breathing fresh pure air, while the genial sun shines down upon him, and the green trees and birds welcome him to a new life.

At the North, during the winter, there are only about five or six pleasant, sunny days in a month when I can enjoy being out of doors. In Florida this is exactly reversed—there are generally twenty-five sunshiny days to five cloudy or rainy days in the month.

It is a great wonder that man, with all his boasted superiority of brain, should so long put off acting with the instinct wisdom of the bird, who migrates to warmer climes from the inhospitable snow-clad and ice-bound regions of the North, during those months when nature seems striving (over a large portion of the globe) to freeze out and utterly to destroy all living things.

The following figures were taken at the Clarendon Hotel, at Green Cove Spring:

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE, SEASON OF 1877-8.

6 A. M. 12 M. 6 P. M.				6 A. M. 12 M. 6 P. M.				6 A. M. 12 M. 6 P. M.			
NOV.,	57°	73°	65°	JAN.,	54°	65°	62°	MARCH,	58°	75°	72°
DEC.,	58°	68°	63°	FEB.,	58°	70°	66°	APRIL,	65°	77°	76°

An old European traveller (from England), sitting upon a Green Cove piazza five Winters ago, in company with the writer, told him that he had been to every salubrious climate on the globe, and that Florida surpassed them all. "This wonderful climate," he said, "only needs to be known, to be sought for by tourists from all parts of the world."

GREEN COVE WARM SULPHUR SPRING.

This wonderful spring is located in the Park opposite the Clarendon Hotel. The water boils up from a large fissure, some twenty feet below the surface, at the rate, it is said, of three thousand gallons per minute. It is as clear as a diamond, and the effect is most beautiful at noonday, when the sun shines directly into the spring, and objects can be seen at the bottom tinted with the prismatic hues.

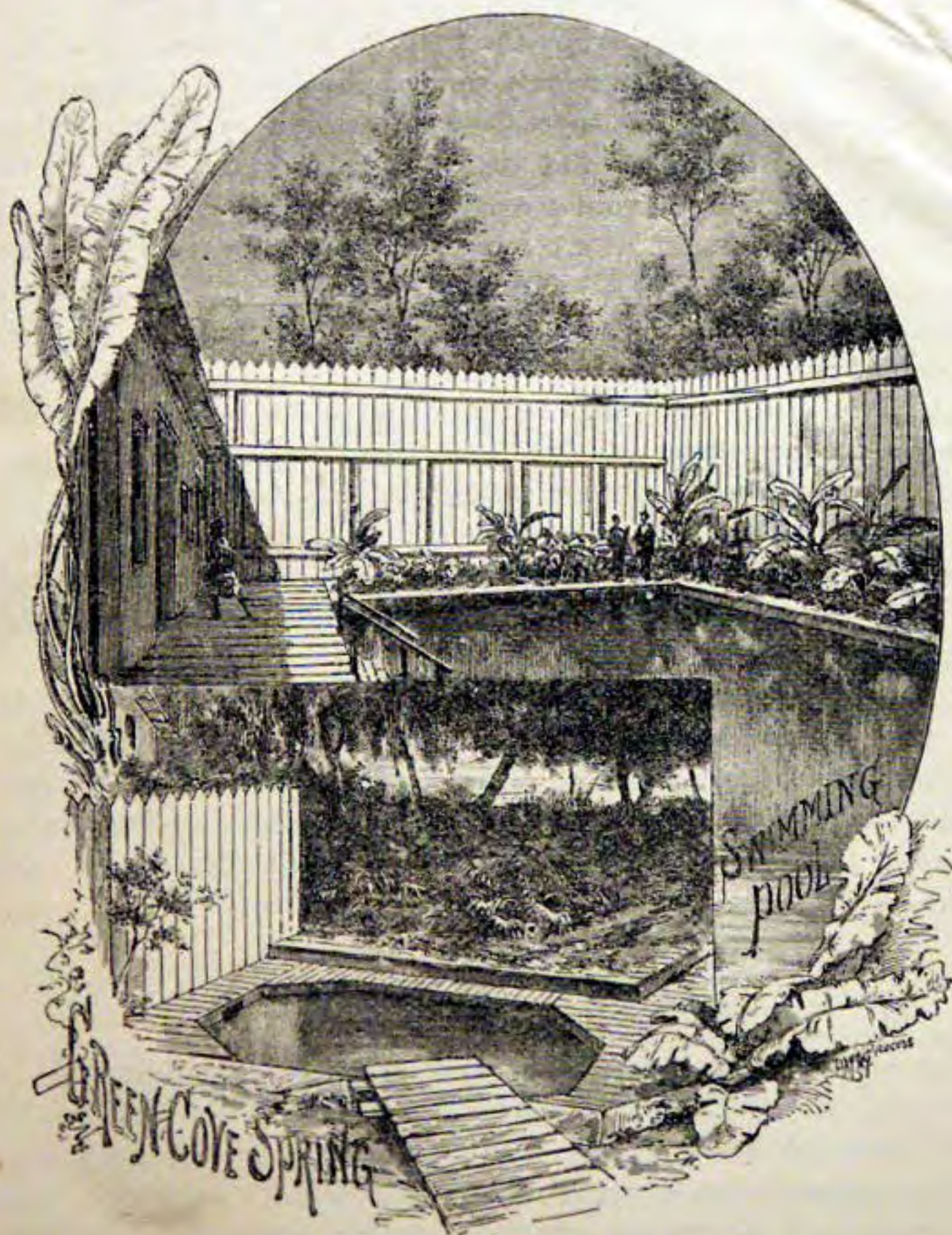
The basin of the spring is about twenty feet in diameter. It is greatly to be regretted that no exact analysis of the water has yet been made, but, Dr. Applegate tells me, a qualitative analysis shows the following components: Calcium carbonate, calcium sulphate, magnesium carbonate, silica, sodium sulphate, potassium sulphate, alumina silicate of, and organic matter.

The swimming pools are only a few feet from the basin of the spring, and the water flows through them in an immense volume, but so quietly as hardly to be observed. These pools are about 25 feet wide and 75 feet long, with a row of dressing rooms on one side and stairways descending into the water, which is four feet deep. The ladies have a separate pool, and further along there are smaller pools for private bathing.

The tourist will find nothing in Florida more delightful than a bath in this water, the natural temperature of which is about 78°. For invalids, who cannot enjoy the open air pools, hot and cold sulphur baths are provided at the "Clarendon."

Ladies who enjoy bathing should not forget to take their bathing suits with them, as "swimming in the pools" is a great sport at Green Cove, and those who cannot swim may easily learn under the tuition of Miss Smith, the obliging Managress of the Spring.

It is said that you can enjoy these swimming baths every day in Winter. Certainly it has seemed odd enough to me, just after reading a letter from home telling of a severe snow storm, to go and take my bath, with the accompanying chorus of mocking birds in the surrounding trees.



Dr. Rogers writes me: "For bathing this water is not excelled in its cleansing powers, and it leaves the skin in its softest and best condition. During the past twelve Winters I have, with the

most gratifying results, regularly prescribed the drinking of this water for the various chronic affections of the liver and kidneys. It is especially valuable in the early stages of Bright's disease of the kidneys."

Dr. Colmar says: "Surprising cures in cases of neuralgia, nervous prostration, rheumatism, and liver and kidney complaints, have been effected by the water of this famous White Sulphur Spring. The most widely known physician of Jacksonville—at one time a hopeless invalid—was restored to health, and to long years of laborious and lucrative practice, by the use of its waters, after having in vain tried other remedies. If this water is allowed to remain in a clean glass vessel for twelve hours or more, it becomes as inodorous, tasteless, and clear as the purest distilled water—hence its wonderful action upon the kidneys."

As Dr. Colmar says, this water, standing for some hours in a clean vessel, becomes tasteless and clear as distilled water; so that, in the hotels and private residences, it is iced and used upon the dinner table. The value of such a spring is hardly to be estimated. In the one case, drink it from the boil in the spring and you get its medicinal effects. In the other case, let it stand until the gases escape, and you have a crystal drinking water. Let any reasoning mind consider for a moment, and decide whether or no—when Florida becomes more widely known by tourists and health seekers—Green Cove is destined to become the favorite resort of the State, and the most desirable permanent abiding place to be found in the South. It is a mere question of time.

FLORIDA JUST BECOMING KNOWN.

It will not surprise one that Florida is only just beginning to be known when a few facts are considered. Firstly—It was not admitted as a State until the year 1845, although containing the oldest city of the Union. Secondly—The long Indian wars kept the State in a continual turmoil until a very recent date. The Seminole war was not officially declared closed until May

8th, 1858. So that between the ending of the Indian wars and beginning of the great civil war in 1861, there was but a short period of three years. Thus, from its unsettled condition, Florida was almost wholly unknown by people generally, until the Northern soldiers who were quartered there in 1862-3 and 4 returned home to tell of its wonderful climate and picturesque woods, its soft, balmy air and surprising healthfulness, its beautiful flora and gorgeous birds of plumage. This tempted many of them to return after the war closed, and was the primal cause of thousands of Northerners going there, finally to make it their home.

The American Cyclopædia speaks of Florida as follows:

"Garden vegetables are produced in the greatest abundance. The driest seasons are relieved by heavy dews, and the sun that would bake the earth in other parts, and wither vegetation, is here so tempered by the pervading moisture as to cover the surface with perennial verdure.* The prairies afford excellent pasture. Here cattle require little care from their owners, and no housing in Winter; and in most parts of the State hogs fatten without any other support than that which they derive from the roots and mast of the forest. Deer of various kinds abound, and smaller game is found in all parts of the country. The coast waters are productive of the finest fish, including the sheepshead, grouper, red fish, mullet, green turtle and oysters; and the numerous lakes and rivers of the interior teem with fresh water species."

Certainly, Florida possesses one thing which money can never buy or labor create—that is, *Climate*. We cannot make it come to us. The only alternative for us, is to go to it.

WHERE TO LOCATE.

It will surprise many to know that Florida is larger than either of the great States of New York, Ohio or Pennsylvania. Much of the land in the State, therefore (although very cheap), is far away from the markets and from lines of travel and transportation.

* The "pervading moisture" is sufficient to neutralize the air, but not to make it "damp." Without the dews vegetation would wither—Florida would be arid. There is a great distinction between "sufficiency" and "over-plus." Let this be noted.

This is not the case with the large body of land at Green Cove Spring, owned by Col. Houston Clinch, of Savannah, which is now being sub-divided into lots of a size suitable to the requirements of settlers. These lands are right upon the *central line of transportation—the St. John's River.*

This tract of land—bounded on the east by the St. John's, and on the north and west by Governor's Creek, as shown on the map of the St. John's River—was granted by the Spanish Crown to Don George I. F. Clarke, the Surveyor General of the Colony.

When Florida was ceded to the United States, this entire grant, excepting fifteen hundred acres, was purchased from Clarke by General Clinch, of the U. S. Army, who was at that time in command of the troops stationed in the "Southern Department."

About 50 years ago, General Clinch had a town laid off upon the river bank, not far from the upper end of the grant, which was called "Bayard."

In the immediate vicinity of this site the ruins of an old Spanish fort can still be plainly traced, although covered, as they are, by the forest trees which have grown over them during the three centuries of time elapsing since the fort was stormed and dismantled by the French. The incidents connected with this event characterize it as one of the most heroic and brilliant exploits of that chivalric and adventurous era.

The "town" of Bayard did not long survive its birth and christening, meeting an untimely end at the outbreak of the Seminole War in 1835.

The grant, however, has ever since been known as the "Bayard tract," and has remained in the family of General Clinch.

Almost every variety of soil can be found on this tract, from the heavy alluvial of the hammocks, to the lighter, but surprisingly productive soil of the highlands.

The "hammocks" have always been recognized as being extremely valuable for agricultural purposes, provided they could be drained; but as they were liable to be overflowed by heavy rains, their cultivation has never been attempted.

In the month of May, 1880, Col. Clinch employed a competent engineer to run several lines of level from the river to the rear of the tract, when it was ascertained—to the surprise of every one—that these hammocks, lying from a mile, in some cases, to half

a mile in others, from the river, were 25 to 40 feet above high water mark. Their thorough drainage, therefore, became only a question of expense.

Work was at once begun to effect this by digging canals and ditches, and already a great deal has been accomplished. A canal about half a mile long and ten feet deep in many places, connecting a large body of hummock with the river, shows the pine land through which it is cut to be a dark gray loam on the surface, underlaid by clay, which rests at a depth of from 3 to 5 feet, upon a bed of rich shell marl interspersed with the bones and teeth of fish and animals. Arrangements are making to deliver this marl at the river to purchasers. It can be utilized as a fertilizer in the vicinity at a cost almost inappreciable. Mr. Bemis, as Agent for Col. Clinch, has also for sale several miles of river front, which includes many of the most beautiful sites for residences to be found on the St. John's. Among these are the lots fronting on the famed "St. David's Path." All letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention, and should be addressed to C. C. Bemis, Esq., Agent, Green Cove Spring, Clay Co., Florida.

The spring water at Green Cove is unexcelled for purity and healthfulness. The markets are near by; and early strawberries, peas, beans, tomatoes, lettuce, potatoes, radishes, squashes, turnips, cucumbers, melons, etc., should find a ready sale. Market gardeners are much wanted in Florida.

I have always found Green Cove healthy, and I know of no pleasanter spot for a residence. Moreover, it promises to be one of the most growing places in the State.

The town is fully organized, with its Mayor and Council. The citizens are peaceful and industrious; and I have many times remarked, that I have never lived in a more honest community. There are three or four churches. The interior of the new Episcopal Church, finished in native woods, is really beautiful. Green Cove is the county town. Honest, industrious and peace loving citizens are wanted there, and will be warmly welcomed and cordially treated.



FLORIDA SOIL.

It is one of the wonders to a Northern man that anything at all will grow in the "sandy soil" of Florida. But this soil is not like other sand, and when we see such products as the Orange, Lemon, Banana, Guava, Fig, Pomegranate, Japan Plum, Citron, Lime, Sugar Cane, Cotton, Sweet Potato, and the profuse growth of melons and vegetables, faithlessness dies.

Climate seems to offset an apparent lack of richness in soil.

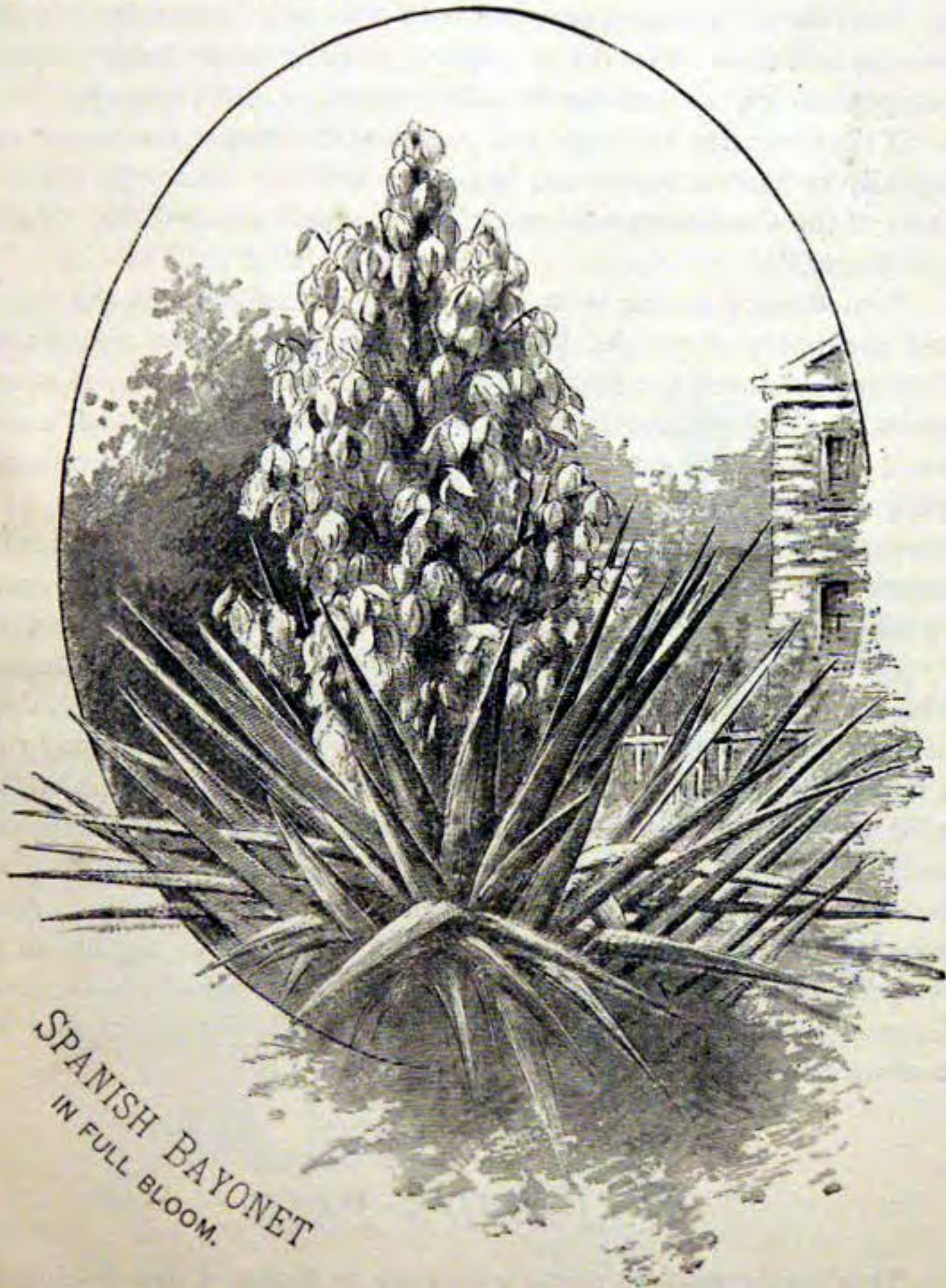
I believe that the thrifty farmer of the North and West, with a little experience, can succeed well in Florida. I believe that plentiful manuring and watering will more than repay the expense and trouble. A small wind mill, to water plants in March, April and May, would seem to be the wisest expenditure of money a market gardener could make, and yet you see comparatively few there. The expense of living in Florida is very small, and the life is all out of doors. There are no long, severe, tempestuous Winters to provide against. All over the State you will find Northern men and women, who have been living there from five to fifteen years, and who could not be induced to return North. One man—a German—told me he "would not return to New York to remain the balance of his life for a million of dollars!" The death of his wife and several children at the North had driven him to Florida.

FLORA.

Many persons, upon their first arrival in Florida, seem disappointed that the flora of all the year is not visible upon the very day of their coming. "Florida, the land of Flowers," they say—"Where are the flowers?" Tourists generally arrive just at the time of year when Nature is resting, as it were, in the dead of winter, *and they expect too much.*

Besides, the State is very new in respect to ornamental cultivation. It is primitive yet. Most of the people there are engaged in the practical rather than the ornate. They are seeking a livelihood, and have little time for the cultivation of flowers, and the natural flora there commences later. The Yellow Jasmine, for

instance, blooms in February, the Orange and Cherokee Rose in March, the Oleander, Pomegranate, Woodbine, Honeysuckle and Sweet Olive in April, and the Magnolia, Cape Jasmine and Sweet Bay Tree in May, and so on.



Yet the eye is delighted, whatever month you may arrive there, with a perennial foliage ; and those who wander away into the deep woods, may find many beautiful lilies, flowering shrubs.

and tiny woodland blossoms hid away, to be sought after like all valuable things.

The reason why most of the fashionable tourists to Florida see little of the rich native bloom (which gave its name to the State) is, that they do not go where the wild flowers grow—that is in the woods; and those who do go into the woods most frequently do so upon their very first arrival—in December and January.

If they wander through the woods in February, but more especially in March, April and May, they will see what the discoverers of the Continent saw, and they, too, will name it the "*Land of Flowers.*"

Sometimes a strong west wind will blow pollen from the pines and shrubbery along the banks of the river in great quantities. This spreads over the surface of the water, forming a sort of green scum alongshore, and it is amusing to see how alarmed some timid northerners grow about it, lest they should at once contract malaria. But the thing is of course perfectly harmless, and the morrow's trade wind, agitating the river, dissolves it like mist before the sun. How can a broad river, flowing to the sea, (whose surface is daily lashed into little waves and white-caps by the trade winds,) retain or collect decayed vegetable matter like a stagnant pool? Common sense rejects the idea. A deal of nonsense is talked about "malaria" in Florida. One may run a risk if sleeping upon boughs on the margin of swamps in the wild woods, as some enthusiastic hunters do, in "*camping out.*" But even these return, after a long trip, bronzed like an Indian, with every outward evidence of perfect health. And consider the army once camped in the Okeechobee region, or at the edge of the "Everglades." Let sensible people read General Lawson's comparative health tables, printed hereafter, and be convinced.

ST. DAVID'S PATH.

This lovely walk is worth a journey to Green Cove Spring to enjoy. My ideal of Florida was never realized until I had wandered through its shady aisles. It has repeatedly been pronounced by travellers to be one of the most beautiful woodland

scenes in the world, and is often called "Lovers' Walk," from a legend prevailing that bachelors and maidens who dare to brave its precincts in company, are sure to come out lovers.

It is said to be nearly two miles in length, but does not seem more than half that distance to the delighted pedestrian. The walk winds through the forest, along the banks of the St John's, from Green Cove Spring to Governor's Creek, within sight of the well-known resort of Magnolia.

No picture from the camera can ever give more than a faint idea of this romantic spot. It is arched and embowered on each side by lofty Magnolias, Live Oaks, Cypress, Wild Azalia, Indian



Pipe Stem, Briarwood and Gum Tree, and the ground is carpeted with acres of palmetto shrub. Intertwined in the branches are

thousands of vines, wild grape, gourd, morning glory, trumpet vine and yellow jasmine.

Festoons and draperies of Spanish moss overhead are continually waving to and fro in the passing breeze. Here and there spots of blue sky are seen through the openings in the foliage; birds sing and chirp in the branches, and beautiful vistas open out upon the river at each turn of the path. Every tint of verdure delights the eye, from the delicate feathery cypress leaf to the dark glossy green of the magnolia grandiflora.

Every now and then you pause in delight to look back into the forest through and along great cathedral aisles, or into some woodland bower overarched with vines and Spanish moss.

In the afternoon the rays of the declining sun, glancing through the varnished leaves and hanging moss produce the most beautiful effects.

And at night, when the full moon is overhead, darting its silver beams through the forest, and playing witchery with the fancies of the young —— . Well ! I think I had better drop the subject here, and simply advise all lovers of nature to go there and romance for themselves.

ALLIGATORS AND BIRDS.

The Florida tourist will be disappointed at not seeing more alligators and beautiful birds of plumage along the St. John's. Except in distant flocks, it is rare, any longer, to see such birds as the white and the gray heron, the pink curlew and the scarlet flamingo along the banks of the river.

One must penetrate into the distant hunting grounds of the State to find them now in any numbers. During the past twelve years, so many full-fledged and un-fledged hunters have been permitted to fire indiscriminately from the steamers' decks, that the alligators and birds have fled from this terrible field of slaughter to distant retreats, where they may enjoy some degree of safety. So that the traveller on the St. John's is now deprived of a great treat.

It was no uncommon thing, two or three years ago, to see the most gorgeous birds shot down from a lofty branch, by a good



marksman on the steamer's deck. This was mere wanton destruction, for the birds were of course left to decay on some wild bank. And the poor alligators have been so peppered with bullets, that they have mostly gone to parts unknown.

If the Legislature of the State should pass a prohibitory law in respect to shooting from the steamers' decks, it would be humane and wise—and *the sooner the better!* Then, perhaps, the birds of plumage would return again, in a few years, to delight the eyes of thousands of travellers on the St. John's—and the Legislature of Florida would score one in the grand march of enlightenment.

WHY FLORIDA IS NOT BARREN.

The curious student of geography will find, by consulting his map of the world, that the same parallels of latitude which pass through the great Desert of Sahara also pass through Florida, and, to a reflecting mind, the questions arise: "*Why is not Florida as uninhabitable as Sahara?*" "Why is vegetation there so luxuriant?" "Why do flowers bloom with such surpassing loveliness?" "Why is the air so balmy during those trying months of February, March and April?"

Is it not because of the large bodies of water which surround and intersect it? On one side the Gulf of Mexico, on the other the Atlantic; and running up and down through the State, the great St. John's, three, four and five miles in width.

Why then think that Florida must be damp and unhealthy? *Without this expanse of waters, Florida might be an arid desert like Sahara; with it, it is a perpetual garden.* The very thing of which the unthinking complain is that which renders Florida air so pure, balmy and delicious, and its soil so fruitful in a literal sense.

The "Spanish Moss," which hangs in such profusion from the branches of the trees, it was once thought was an indication of damp and unhealthy localities. Now, however, just the opposite theory prevails, and appears to be correct: that wherever the Spanish moss thrives, all superfluous dampness is absorbed by it; and it is now considered unwise to remove it. Being an air plant, without roots, it lives wholly upon the air, and takes its sustenance from the atmospheric moisture, drinking up and exhausting the overplus. This moss does not love the swamp, however. Observe the beautiful, thick and luxuriant specimens—ten feet long—which you find along the high banks of the St. John's, at Green Cove. Compare these with the thin and sickly fragments hanging upon the trees in swampy regions (which seem to be struggling for bare existence) and be convinced that this moss, like mankind, thrives best in healthy places. It likes neither the desert nor the swamp.



IS FLORIDA A SICKLY COUNTRY?

From the Florida New Yorker.

"Very high authority, Surgeon General Lawson, of the regular army, closes an official report with the remarkable sentence: '*In short, it may be asserted, without fear of refutation, that Florida possesses a much more agreeable and salubrious climate than any other State or Territory in the Union.*' The statistics in his bureau demonstrated that 'malarial diseases here are of a much milder type than elsewhere.' The death rate he found among the troops serving in the

Middle United States.....	1 to 36	of Remittent Fever.
Northern do	1 to 52	" "
Southern do	1 to 54	" "
Texas.....	1 to 78	" "
California.....	1 to 122	" "
New Mexico.	1 to 148	" "
Florida.....	1 to 287	" "

The average annual mortality of the whole Peninsula, Surgeon General Lawson 'found to be 2.06 against 3.05 in other portions of the United States.'"

WHAT TO WEAR.

It is most difficult to get Northerners, who have never been South to appreciate the fact that Northern Florida is not a tropical climate. (Indeed, the entire State is far north of the tropic of Cancer, and it is the same distance from Green Cove Spring to the Equator as it is to Greenland, or the extreme northern coast of Labrador.) No matter what you tell people before they have wintered in Florida, however, you still find them expressing surprise that in December, January and February the weather is frequently quite cool—so that a pine knot fire on the hearth is comfortable. "Roasting to death" is the impression which seems to prevail in most Northern minds when speaking of the Florida climate, whereas the testimony of New Yorkers who have lived the year round in North Florida is, that it is not as hot there, even in July and August as it is in the City of New York,

although the Summers are long. I have heard it repeatedly stated that such a thing as a sun stroke was never known in the State. In the afternoons the trade winds spring up, and the nights are quite cool.

People going there should remember that, in the Winter months, warm clothes are needed. Even overcoats and shawls are necessary for travellers, and for the invalid always requisite to be carried along.

Perhaps, if the reader will take his map of North America and glance at it a moment, this idea can be more strongly impressed upon his mind. Look for parallel 20 of north latitude. It will be seen that it passes through the lower end of Cuba. Then run your eye up to parallel 30 of north latitude—you will see that it passes through Florida, just where Green Cove Spring is located. Then look further northward to parallel 40, and you will observe that it passes through the City of Philadelphia. If, therefore, the weather in December is hot in Cuba and freezing in Philadelphia, you may reasonably expect it to be *temperate* at Green Cove Spring, half way between Philadelphia and Cuba.

And it is this very thing which, to health and pleasure seekers, is so delightful—a *temperate climate*, neither scorching hot nor freezing cold. The birds ascertained this fact before men did, and they wisely availed themselves of their instinct knowledge.

When it is considered that the tourist or the invalid can go from the North to Green Cove in less than three days; that letters from home pass in the same time; that a telegraph message can reach him in a few moments, and that the climate is unexcelled, it seems a wonder that so many persons should cross the seas to distant and inaccessible places, in search of what is so near at hand.

It needs no prophetic vision to see that the next two or three decades of time will exhibit to the traveller of that day beautiful Winter seats of Northern gentlemen dotted all along the ever verdant shores of the St. John's River. Indeed, many are already to be seen on either bank of the river as the steamer plies southward.

Surely no Italian moonlight scene, or fabled night upon the Mediterranean, can possibly excel the rising of the full moon on the St. John's, as seen from the piazzas of the west bank of the river in the month of January.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

The winter home of Mr. Thaddeus Davids, of New York, at the commencement of "St. David's Path," overlooks a magnificent expanse of water. I doubt if there is a finer site on the St. John's. The eye reaches twelve miles down the river, and even further in the opposite direction. It is like a fine lake. The grounds about the house contain large forest trees and picturesque clumps of palmetto. The orange grove in the rear has, I believe, more than a thousand trees, some large and some small, many of which were in bloom last spring. A profusion of vegetables, fresh from Mr. Davids' gardens, are upon his table daily in the winter.



WINTER HOME OF THADDEUS DAVIDS.
Green Cove Spring
Fla.

Few there are of the wealthy men of the North who have discovered how best to enjoy the declining years of life. They sacrifice too much time to money-getting. They should take a

trip to Green Cove Spring, a stroll through "St. David's Path," a look at this model winter home, investigate out-of-door life in Florida, and then decide whether or no, Mr. David's example here is worth following.

When a man is far removed from the contentions of a busy life, and his mind is left open to the healthful influences of nature, he is apt to pause awhile, and to reflect upon this problem of life. He sees—as in a vision—an array of human experiences passing in his mind's eye. Here are some, with well-matured plans, closing life in disappointed hopes. There are others successful to the last, but dying too soon to enjoy. Here, again, are others, who still go on heaping up more and more riches as they near the end of life. As if they had not enough already.

He wonders that all mankind cannot learn the philosophy of the "golden mean," and he concludes to take some rational enjoyment himself, before it is *too late*.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.

1st. Find out the *cause* of your disease, and remove it at once if you can.

2d. If the cause is found in the severity of Northern winters, your remedy is *to live there no longer*, but move to Florida, and make it your home. It is absurd to expect a disease of years growth to be cured in a few months, and by returning soon to the place where it was contracted.

3d. If you cannot leave the North altogether, do the next best thing—leave it for the winter months. Go to Florida on November 1st, and stay until June 15th. Above all, do not return home in April or May. They are the most treacherous months in the North.

4th. If your case is considered hopeless by your physician, it seems foolish to go to Florida to die; therefore, *do not wait and put off going there year after year, until your case becomes hopeless*. Self-preservation is the first law. Other considerations are merely secondary.

5th. If your case is not hopeless, but is only very bad, my advice is to go to Florida at once, buy a small plot of ground, live there all the year round, plant orange trees and bananas, and

snuff up new life from the soil. One gentleman told me his case was pronounced hopeless twenty-six years ago. He bought a place, worked in the soil, never returned North, and is now alive and well.

6th. When you arrive in Florida, do not fret yourself and waste your remaining vitality by restlessly travelling from one place to another. This is the worst thing you can do. Find a comfortable spot, stay there until June 15th—*rest and recruit*. Bask in the sunlight all day long. *Be careful of your diet*, and act like a sane man. The most irrational people I have ever seen are the invalids who visit Florida. When they arrive there they feel so much better that they do everything they ought not, and rarely a thing they ought to do. *They will not let nature right itself.*

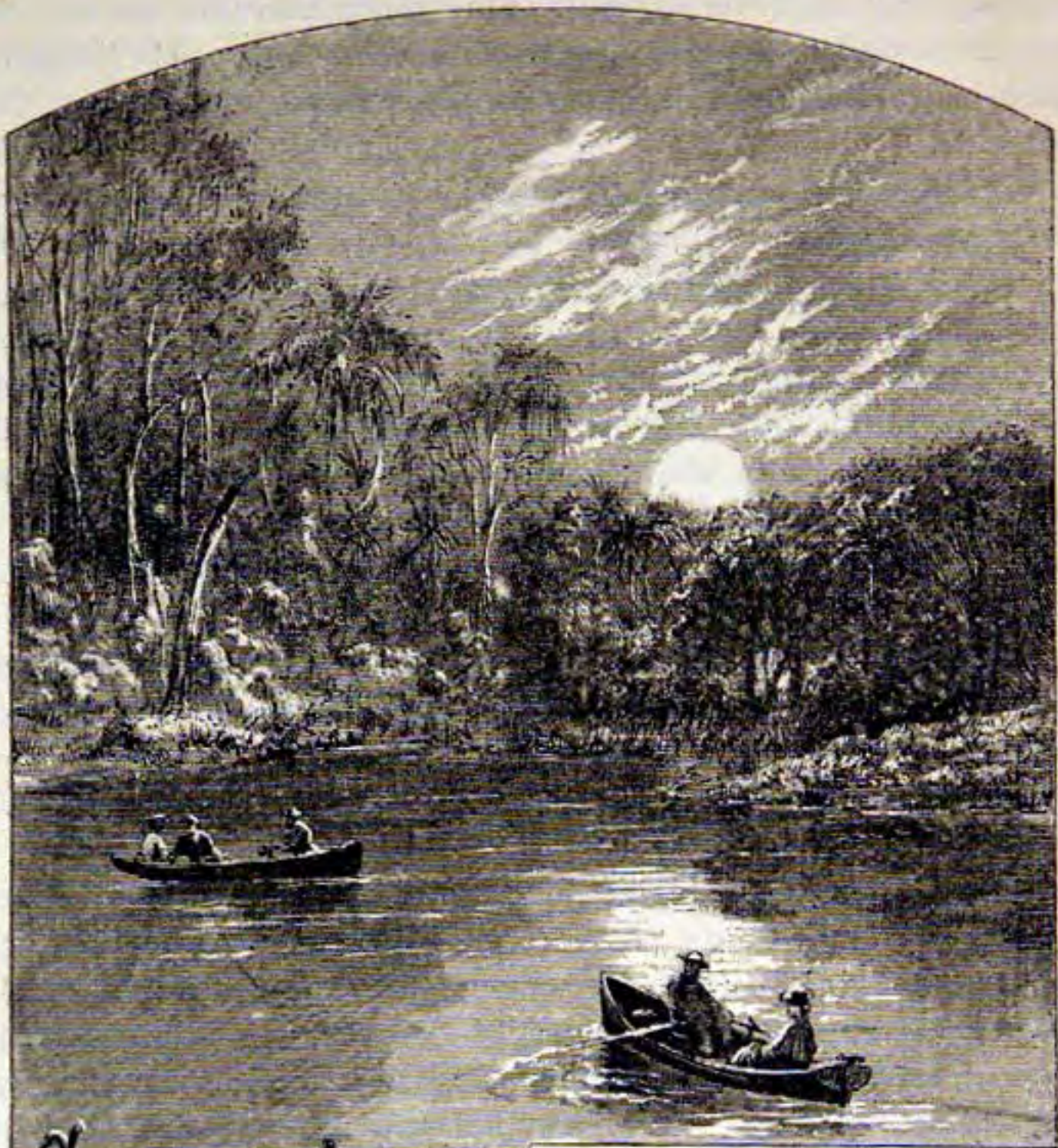
7th. Take plenty of warm clothing and underclothing, and upon your first arrival there, do not begin at once to eat a dozen oranges daily, simply because they taste good. So much of acidity taken into the system every day, and long continued, will make a well man ill.

8th. The hardest thing for an invalid to bear is to be confined month after month in a close room, breathing artificial air, and eating and drinking the products of an apothecary's shop. In Florida he may live in the sunlight, breathe pure air, and leave most of his drugs behind him. Why not stop the use of drugs entirely in Florida, that they may be more potent when requisite to be used again at the North?

GOVERNOR'S CREEK.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."
—*As You Like It.*

No lover of nature should ever go away from Green Cove Spring, without taking a row on "Governor's Creek." It is a good plan to hire a row-boat directly after dinner, instruct the boy to row it to the mouth of the creek, and await you there. Then you can stroll through "St. David's Path," meeting the boat just at the junction of Governor's Creek and the St. John's river. Thus you can have a lovely walk through the woods—shady all the way—besides the row upon the creek.



GOVERNOR'S CREEK

At first you glide under the old draw bridge, then past and through an immense field of huge lily-pads, where the pathway in the water is about wide enough for the boat to pass—then out again into the broad creek. It is

most important to select a day when the wind is not blowing hard, as you will soon perceive, for the *reflections in the water* are the chief attraction, and the surface should be wholly unrippled.

Now, as the boat glides along towards the old mill, you begin to see the reflections. The water is like a French-plate mirror

and the smallest leaf upon a lofty branch, or the tiny twig at the top of the highest tree, is perfectly mirrored in the stream beneath.

All the colors of the sky and the passing clouds, all the neutral tints upon the trunks of trees, the fungus, lichen, and mosses of the forest, the over-hanging branches and flowering shrubs, the clustering vines along the shore, every bird that sings upon the outspread branch, all the lily-pads, every visible thing upon and above the water, is daguerreotyped in perfection. No picture could be more minute, more exquisite.

When you come to those parts of the forest where the trees have been cut away, and the view opens back into the country, a marvelous effect is produced ; the land seems to be reflected in the water for half a mile back from the shore. Trees and objects standing far away from the creek are most plainly reflected—the same as if at the water's edge. The effect is phenomenal. for you seem to be looking *under the land*, as into the fabled grottoes of the Naiads, or the embosomed homes of the Water Nymphs. If there be any poetry in the soul of man this lovely semi-tropical scene is sure to arouse it.

As your boat glides along the creek, past the old mill, and far up into the narrow stream, where the branches are within reach of your hand, you instinctively pause—rest upon your oars—sit still and hold your breath in the midst of profound silence.

Wild and undressed nature is about you on every side. The primeval forest is there—the same as it has stood and perpetuated itself for untold ages. Above you is the blue sky, Nothing human is near save the occupants of your own boat. Imagination pictures a thousand strange fancies then. You listen for the song of the tropical bird, for the howl of some wild beast in the tangled forest, or perhaps for the war-whoop of an Indian brave, which, but a few years ago, blanched the skin of the pale-face upon this very spot. Your fancy pictures over yonder, a bark canoe gliding noiselessly out from that leaf-covered nook, and rounding the curves of the stream until it passes out of sight. And as the day wanes you linger there, loth to turn back homeward, until the loud bark of a huge bull-frog awakens you to the fact that evening is at hand, warning you to go.

Be sure to pause on the way at the red clay bank, on the left, going up ; it gives you one of the most beautiful reflections upon

the creek. And you will find as you are rowing along back towards the St. John's river again, that the effects of the declining sun produce most gorgeous pictures in the water on all sides and at every turn. A friend from the North exclaimed while reluctantly leaving Governor's Creek one day, "*this is, indeed, worth coming all the way to Florida to see.*"

WINTER SEATS, ETC.

Among the winter seats at Green Cove may be named the following:

MR. THADDEUS DAVIDS, of New York, has extensive grounds, with young orange grove and gardens, and has erected a beautiful residence on the banks of the river.

DR. CARY A. TRIMBLE, of Columbus, Ohio, has a very pretty cottage, a thriving orange grove and ornamental grounds.

MR. JNO. S. HARRIS, of Ravenswood, L. I., and DR. J. W. APPLGATE, of Indiana, (owners and proprietors of the "Clarendon") have, for a number of years, made Green Cove their winter residence.

COL. HOUSTON CLINCH, of Savannah, is just starting an extensive orange grove.

DR. ROGERS, of Pomfret, Conn., has lately built a very unique cottage at the Magnolia end of St. David's Path, and is now resident physician at Green Cove.

GENERAL S. F. BARSTOW, U. S. Army, has lately purchased a corner lot opposite the Spring, and proposes to build this year.

MR. EDGERTON, of Long Island, has a snug cottage and extensive grounds on Magnolia St.

MRS. DUNCAN, of Philadelphia, has a cottage on Main St., and some very fine orange trees.

MR. G. R. KELSEY, of West Haven, Conn., has a cottage and pretty grounds on Front Street, with an outlook on the river, and MR. SMITH, of the same place, has a cottage and small orange grove.

MRS. RUFUS C. REED, of New York, has a cozy little house on the Cove, with some fine orange trees on her grounds.

MR. LUCAS MUHOBERAZ, late proprietor of Hotel San Carlos, at Havana, is now erecting a cottage upon a lot opposite the spring.

MR. PAGE, of Ohio, has some fine lots on Palmer and Magnolia Streets, and will build the coming year.

MR. DANIEL F. TYLER, of New York, has a cottage fronting on the St. John's, (adjoining "Riverside,") lately purchased by him of Judge Bullock, of Bristol, R. I.

A little back from the town, MR. C. C. BEMIS has a farm and orange grove; and MESSRS. GOULD BUTLER, of New York, and JOHN ARDEN, of Providence, and REV. MR. ELLIS, of Illinois, have bought places and started orange groves. MR. LUCAS, also, has a market garden there. Out on this fine ridge of ground a large settlement is fast growing up.

CAPT. HENRY HENDERSON, one of the Florida pioneers, for many years a resident of Green Cove, is, I believe, from Northern New York. He has resided in Florida for more than half a century. Being now past fourscore years of age, and a hale and hearty old gentleman, he is a fine specimen of what Florida climate does for longevity.

CAPT. PORTER, from Oneida County, N. Y., is another old resident having been in Florida more than thirty-five years.

IS FLORIDA OVER HUMID ?

Last winter I was told by a young chemist from Philadelphia, who had been testing the humidity of the atmosphere at Green Cove, that he was astonished to find his instruments recording a less humid air than that of admitted dry places in higher latitudes, I regret that I have not his figures for publication here.

But the very first winter I passed in Florida, my mind was operated upon chiefly by my own sensations, and practical observations there. To me it seemed very dry indeed.

In wandering in the woods at Green Cove I had observed that the lichen, commonly called "tree moss," and the fungus upon old logs in the woods, appeared drier than I had seen it in other

places. Also that the roofs of old houses and sheds there, did not seem to collect green-mould and thick mossy deposits, as in localities that were called "dry" elsewhere. Those simple evidences, to me, were better arguments than "idle talk" and mere assertion.

But, to cover the ground more fully, I give the reader the benefit of the following extract from an article published over the initials of "C. J. K." in the Jacksonville *Sun and Press*.

"Mentone, on the Mediterranean, is a celebrated climatic resort, and is recommended because it possesses a comparatively "dry atmosphere." It is admitted by all that Minnesota possesses a dry climate. Hence we shall judge Florida by these localities.

MEAN RELATIVE HUMIDITY.

YEARS.	MINNESOTA.			FLORIDA.		
	Brecken- ridge.	Duluth.	St. Paul.	Jackson- ville.	Punta Rassa.	Key West.
	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c
1875.	75.7	67.2	69.0	70.3	76.0	71.5
1876.	67.7	68.2	69.1	67.2	73.9	76.1
1877.	72.2	71.9	67.6	69.3	70.5	74.1
1878.	76.2	71.5	67.7	68.7	72.4	74.5
1879.	74.1	72.8	65.3	69.7	72.3	74.2
Mean for 5 years	73.2	70.3	67.7	69.0	73.0	74.2
Mean for 5 years for States....	70.4			72.1		

From the above data it will be found that the atmosphere of peninsular Florida, which Dr. Jones of Minnesota says is "loaded with moisture," contains but $1\frac{7}{10}$ per cent. of moisture in excess of that of Minnesota *for the entire year*.

But it is *the five cold months* which interest invalids, and during this period peninsular Florida offers a drier climate than Mentone or Minnesota.

RELATIVE MEAN HUMIDITY.

	Years.	November	December	January.	February.	March.	Mean for 5 Months.	Mean for 5 Months.
		pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c	pr c
Mentone	3	71.8	74.2	72.0	70.7	73.3	72.4	
Augusta, Ga		71.8	72.6	73.0	64.7	62.8	68.9	
Breckenridge Minn.....	5	76.9	83.2	76.8	81.8	79.5	79.6	} 74.3
Duluth, Minn.....	5	74.0	72.1	72.7	73.3	71.0	72.6	
St. Paul, Minn	5	70.3	73.5	75.2	70.7	67.1	71.3	
Jacksonville, Fla.....	5	71.9	69.3	70.2	68.5	63.9	68.8	} 72.7
Key West, Fla.....	5	77.1	78.7	78.9	77.2	72.2	76.8	
Punta Rassa.....	5	72.7	73.2	74.2	73.7	69.9	72.7	

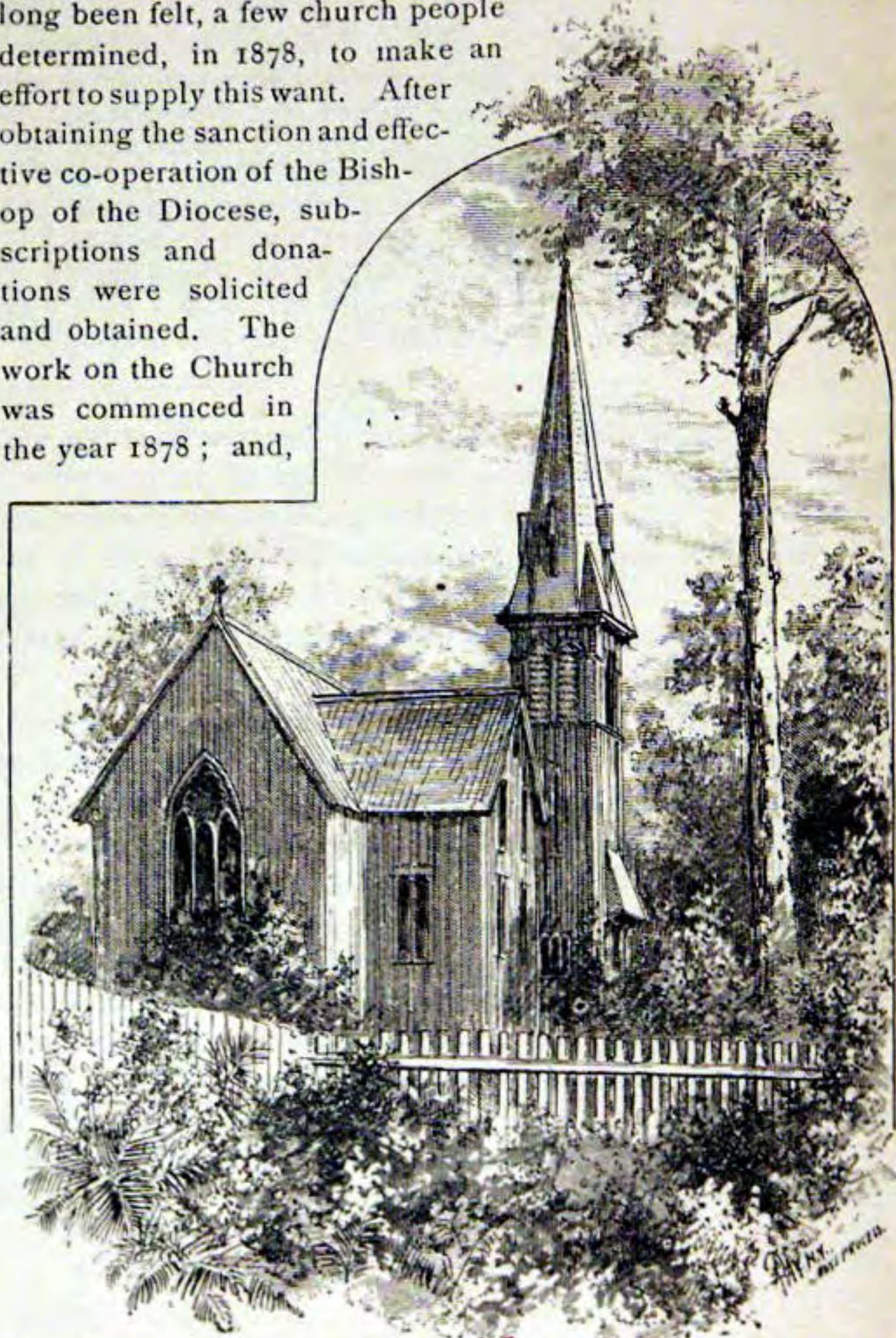
From the above reliable data, it will be seen that the mean relative humidity of Mentone exceeds that of Jacksonville by nearly four per cent. Three stations in Minnesota have a mean of 74.3, and three stations in peninsular Florida a mean of 72.7, showing a percentage of 1.6 in favor of Florida, and 5.5 per cent. in favor of Jacksonville over Minnesota, and 2.5 per cent. in favor of Jacksonville over St. Paul."

There appears to be in some quarters, an effort to misrepresent Florida, but it will not avail. Florida can take care of itself, never fear, with the aid of the able men now there, and who are going there year after year. True merit (for selfish purposes) is often decried—misrepresented, scandalized. But it is patient withal. It waits for the truth to enlighten the public. This comes at last. And then merit rests upon an enduring foundation. The real cause of wonder should be, not that Florida *lacks dryness*—with its sandy soil, its warm sun and its miles upon miles of piny-woods—but that it is not as dry as the Desert of Sahara, in the same latitude. Florida needs all the moisture it has, and more too. It seems about as absurd to charge Florida with over-humidity, as it would be to complain of a lack of ice in Greenland.



ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, GREEN COVE SPRING, FLORIDA.

The need of an Episcopal Church at Green Cove Spring having long been felt, a few church people determined, in 1878, to make an effort to supply this want. After obtaining the sanction and effective co-operation of the Bishop of the Diocese, subscriptions and donations were solicited and obtained. The work on the Church was commenced in the year 1878 ; and,



ST. MARY'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, GREEN COVE SPRING, FLA.

now, through the liberality of friends, Green Cove possesses one of the prettiest church buildings in the diocese. It stands upon the river bank, on land given by Mr. Thaddeus Davids, and is within easy walking distance of all parts of the town. The plan of the church was furnished by the Bishop, and is by Mr. Haight, of New York. Though not imposing externally, it is beautiful inside. A triple chancel window and two lancet windows opposite, all of stained glass, are the work of Mr. Colgate, of New York, and were given (as were the other windows) by Mrs. John Dore, of New York, in memory of her husband, who had much enjoyed the winters passed at Green Cove.

Many handsome special gifts have been made to the church, among which are two beautiful embroidered Altar Cloths, a Silver Communion Service, a Bible, and Prayer-books for altar service, an Illuminated Diptych, a handsome Cross and Lectern for the altar, a Bishop's Chair, a Cross for the Church Spire, a Chancel-rail, etc., etc., etc.

Mr. Davids has built a substantial dock for the benefit of the guests at Magnolia.

The seats in the church are comfortable and are free to all. It is expected that service will always be held there during the season of visitors. The music is particularly good. Mrs. Clinton Davids, a resident of Green Cove, who is a thorough musician, kindly takes charge of it, and always manages to have an efficient choir.

Though not yet quite finished, the church has no debt. The first service in "St. Mary's" was held on Sunday, March 9th, 1879, when the Rev. Mr. Aspinwall, of Bay Ridge, L. I. officiated.

NATURAL QUESTIONS.

It is astonishing to witness the interest felt by nearly everyone with whom you converse about Florida. People are at once attentive to all that is said. Thousands of Northerners have never been there, and they eagerly ask many questions about it, some of which are not easy to answer. For instance:

1st. WHAT DOES AN ORANGE GROVE COST? *Answer:* All sorts of prices. A poor man may buy an acre of ground from \$5 to

\$100, plant the trees, wait from six to ten years, raise vegetables in the meantime, and thus have his own grove. But an old grove with 500 full-bearing trees, is worth many thousands of dollars.

2d. WHAT DOES IT COST TO GO TO GREEN COVE? *Answer:* From New York, by ocean steamer, about \$26. By rail about \$33. From the Western States, from \$45 to \$70, I believe.

3d. CAN WHITE MEN WORK OUT IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY ALL SUMMER? *Answer:* Many say they never miss a day in the year, even the first year they arrive there; but I think it best to be prudent the first year or two.

4th. IS FLORIDA SICKLY IN SUMMER? *Answer:* No place on earth is exempt. They sometimes have fevers, mainly contracted by a wretched diet and careless living, but said to be comparatively light and easily cured. With proper living one can keep perfectly well. So the veteran pioneer there (Capt. Henderson) tells me.

5th. CAN A POOR MAN MAKE A LIVING AT ONCE? *Answer:* If a good workman, yes. I should think it easier to get a livelihood there than anywhere else I know of. But lazy and shiftless persons had better stay away. The community is too new to support paupers.

6th. WHAT IS THE PRICE OF LABOR, THERE? *Answer:* I think it is from half a dollar to one dollar per day, according to the season.

7th. WHAT DOES LUMBER COST? *Answer:* There is a saw-mill at Green Cove, and lumber costs from \$10 to \$15 per thousand.

8th. WHAT IS THE PRICE OF FREIGHT? *Answer:* There are so many lines to Florida that it is very cheap. I have sent an immense packing case from New York to Green Cove for one dollar, and a barrel of flour costs from 30 to 40 cents freight from New York.

9th. IS THERE A POST OFFICE AND TELEGRAPH STATION THERE? *Answer:* Yes, both. Mr. Thos. Roberts is the postmaster,

10th. ARE TAXES LOW? *Answer:* Yes; they are about one per cent., I think, and the law permits the owner to fix the value. It is said there are thirty States in the Union where taxes are higher.

11th. IS THERE A PHYSICIAN AT GREEN COVE? *Answer:* Yes, Dr. Rogers is there during the winter months, and also Dr. W. D. Colmar, who resides there permanently, and has a drug store in connection with his practice.

12th. DOES AN ORANGE GROVE PAY? *Answer:* Few things pay better, as the Florida orange is the highest priced in market. You cannot send too many oranges north from Florida. Let us have them cut up, like peaches, on our breakfast table. They ought to be so plenty as to put them in the New York market at 2 cents, instead of 6 to 8 cents each. A great many oranges are sold in market and called "Florida Oranges." This is a great fraud upon the public. In a few years I expect to see the Florida orange rule all others out of market in price, as they now do, and always will, in flavor.

13th. DO YOU NEED TO BUY MUCH LAND? *Answer:* No. The idea is, *many farmers, with a little land each.* These are the men who are welcomed—good workers, no matter how poor they are.

14th. DO YOU HAVE FROST IN FLORIDA? *Answer:* Yes, not unfrequently in the months of December, January and February. Young orange trees, when unprotected, are sometimes injured by it as far south as the Indian River region and beyond. Many contradictory things are told us in Florida, and we know not at first what to believe. This results from too great local enthusiasm and a laudable anxiety to attract desirable neighbors. That the climate and soil of Green Cove is adapted to the orange is shown by the thrifty condition of the young groves there. Hundreds of wild orange trees, growing until recently on the "Bayard tract," prove also that this region is the natural habitat of the orange. Nearly all of these wild trees, except those too large to be easily handled, have been transplanted into groves elsewhere to be budded on. The raising of wild orange trees in large nurseries ought to become a lucrative business at Green Cove. They are, even now, growing very scarce everywhere.

15th. ARE THERE ANY STORES AT GREEN COVE? *Answer:* Yes, several. You can purchase about all you need there. And this is a potent reason for settling there instead of at some point away from all conveniences and from all society—a mistake that many persons make in order to buy land a little cheaper. Is it not a good idea to own less land at a better place?

EXCURSIONS.

Green Cove is admirably located as an objective point for tourists, there are so many pleasant jaunts to be enjoyed therefrom.

A TRIP TO ST. AUGUSTINE : Start off about 11 o'clock A. M.; arrive at St. Augustine in a few hours ; stay all night, and return next day.

UPPER ST. JOHN'S TRIP : If desired, the steamer can be taken at Green Cove, and the excursionist may go to Enterprise, on Lake Monroe, and back again to Green Cove, remaining on the steamer all the time. This trip takes about three days, and is one of the most beautiful excursions in Florida.

OCLAWAHA RIVER TRIP : This celebrated excursion requires three or four days. Oclawaha steamers start from Palatka. Steamers from Green Cove to Palatka daily. Distance, about forty-five miles.

TRIP TO MANDARIN : At Mandarin is the winter home of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is distant from Green Cove about twelve miles—a very pleasant trip.

TRIP UP BLACK CREEK : This excursion takes all day, and is very picturesque. A little steamer is chartered by a pleasure-party at Green Cove for about twelve dollars, and the party can picnic in the woods at the old deserted village of Middleburgh. The scenery along this creek is equal to that of the Oclawaha River, and alligators which have been frightened from the St John's, may here be seen.

TRIP TO FT. GEORGE ISLAND : This is a very pleasurable jaunt, and takes all day. The Island lies at the mouth of the St. John's River. Fishing there is very fine, and the drives on the Island most beautiful.

There are many other beautiful excursions near by for picnics, fishing, sporting and alligator hunting, and I am told that the drives and horse-back rides through the pine woods are very fine.

ADVICE TO NEW COMERS.

BY J. S. PARKER.

ADOPTED BY THE FLORIDA FRUIT GROWERS ASSOCIATION.

Immigration to Florida, during any month of the year, is attended with as little risk as a residence in New York during the same month.

To commence farming, every month in the year is a good time.

JANUARY.—Attend the Fruit Growers convention and Fair ; set out asparagus roots and sow seeds ; dig stumps ; make fences ; paint the house ; make repairs and clean up generally ; set out orange trees and plant Irish potatoes ; gather and market oranges, grape fruit, limes, citrons and lemons ; put out shade trees ; make hot beds for early spring vegetables ; plant all hardy vegetables. This is the best month to set out grape cuttings.

FEBRUARY.—Set out grape vines ; plant Irish potatoes, corn, cucumbers and squashes ; make a hot-bed to propagate sweet potatoes ; transplant shade trees ; finish breaking up the ground ; by the 15th plant sugar cane ; hoe the garden ; clean the grass from the fences to prevent fire from reaching them ; gather and market oranges, lemons, citrons, limes and bananas.

MARCH.—Sow oats, peas and turnips ; plant corn ; pick blackberries and strawberries ; plant Irish potatoes ; make trellises in the vineyard ; by the 15th plant melons, cucumbers, squashes, radishes, beans and pumpkins ; gather and market oranges, limes, lemons, citrons and grape fruit.

APRIL.—Pick blackberries and strawberries ; plant melons, pumpkins, cucumbers, okra, squashes, corn and lettuce ; hoe the grape-vines and nursery ; set out Guinea grass ; sow cow-peas and corn for fodder ; gather oranges, etc.

MAY.—Hoeing ; plant sweet potatoes ; dig Irish potatoes ; sow corn for fodder ; gather and ship vegetables ; pick strawberries, blackberries, huckleberries and plums.

JUNE.—Dig Irish potatoes ; gather the grapes, melons, tomatoes and vegetables generally ; sow cow-peas ; plant sweet potatoes ; gather plums, peaches and huckleberries.

JULY.—Market the grapes, melons, peaches and figs ; set out orange trees (except sour orange stumps) ; plant sweet potatoes.

AUGUST.—Transplant and bud orange trees ; sow cow-peas and corn for fodder ; make beds and sow seed for cabbage plants ; gather pomegranates, grapes, peaches, melons ; stick slips for sweet potatoes.

SEPTEMBER.—Hoe out the nursery of orange trees ; plow and hoe the vineyard ; set out Guinea grass ; sow corn for fodder ; sow cabbage, turnips, celery, radish and lettuce ; set out strawberries ; commence the winter garden ; gather and market corn.

OCTOBER.—We commence digging sweet potatoes ; prepare

ground for cabbages, and set out plants ; extend the winter garden ; harvest cow-peas ; fill the barns with hay ; brand the calves ; fill the woodshed and whitewash ; set out strawberries ; make guava jelly ; sow oats and rye. During the last of the month begin to transplant orange trees.

NOVEMBER.—Finish making hay ; dig potatoes ; cut the Guinea grass ; make sugar ; work at the winter garden ; continue planting orange and other fruit trees ; plant strawberries ; begin marketing oranges ; prune grape vines immediately after first hard frost.

DECEMBER.—Make sugar ; bank the seed cane or plant it ; hoe the garden ; chop wood ; grub and clear ground ; pick and market oranges, lemons, citrons and limes ; protect young nursery stock and tender plants from frost ; continue planting orange and other fruit trees ; plant grape vines. English peas and Irish potatoes.



BANANA GROVE

ROUTES TO FLORIDA OVERLAND.

Savannah, Florida and Western "All-Rail Route."

N. Y. City, 315 Broadway.

Chicago, Office P. C. & St. L. R. R.

St. Louis, Office of O. & Miss. R. R.

Cincinnati, " " "

Detroit, Office of L. S. & M. S. R. R.

(See Advertisement hereafter.)

Piedmont Air Line Railr'd, via Richmond, Charlotte and Atlanta.

New York, No. 9 Astor House and 944 Broadway.

Philadelphia, Cor. Broad and Chestnut Streets.

Boston, 228 Washington Street.

Magnolia Route, via Augusta and Yemassee.

Office, 347 Broadway, New York City.

Kennesaw Route, via Washington, Lynchburg, Knoxville, Dalton, Atlanta, Macon and Jesup.

New York, No. 1 Astor House, and 303 and 944 Broadway.

Boston, 203 Washington Street.

Philadelphia, 700 Chestnut Street.

Atlantic Coast Line Railway, via Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah.

New York, No. 1 Astor House and 944 Broadway.

Philadelphia, 501 or 838 Chestnut Street.

Boston, 205 or 306 Washington Street.

Cincinnati, 171 Walnut Street.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

New York, 261 and 315 Broadway.

Boston, 219 Washington Street.

Philadelphia, 700 and 838 Chestnut Street.

STEAMER ROUTES TO FLORIDA.

Savannah S. S. Line, Wednesday and Saturday. New Pier 35,

River, foot Spring Street. See Advertisement hereafter.

Office, Geo. Yonge, 409 Broadway, New York.

Charleston S. S. Line, Wednesday and Saturday. Foot of Park Place, Pier 27, North River.

New York, B. D. Hassell, 317 Broadway.

Boston, 54 Central Wharf.

Mallory Line for Fernandina and Jacksonville, Fla.
Foot Burling Slip, East River, New York.

Old Dominion Line, 197 Greenwich Street, New York.

Chesapeake Bay Line Steamers.

New York, 229 Broadway.

Philadelphia, 828 Chestnut Street.

Boston, 306 Washington Street.

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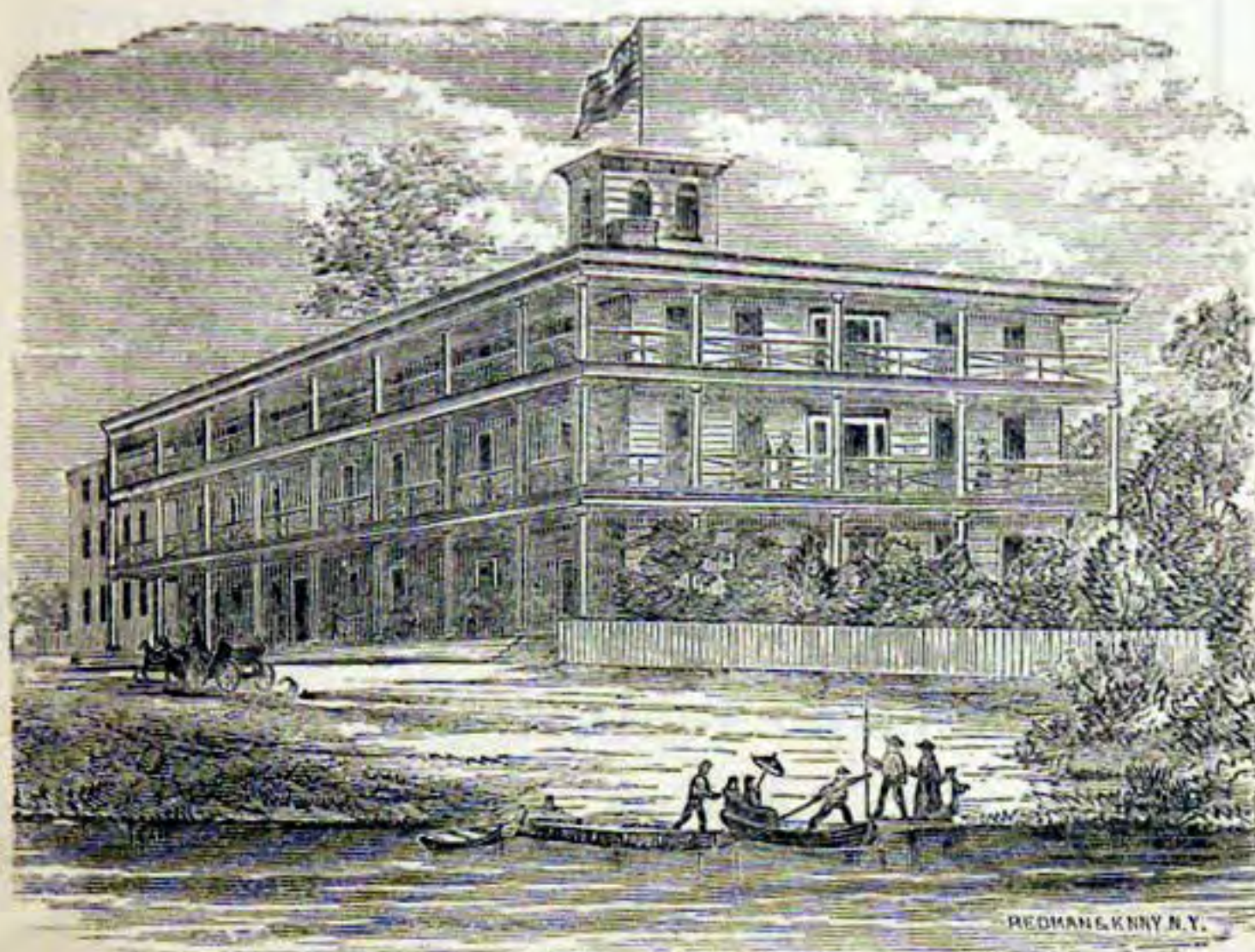


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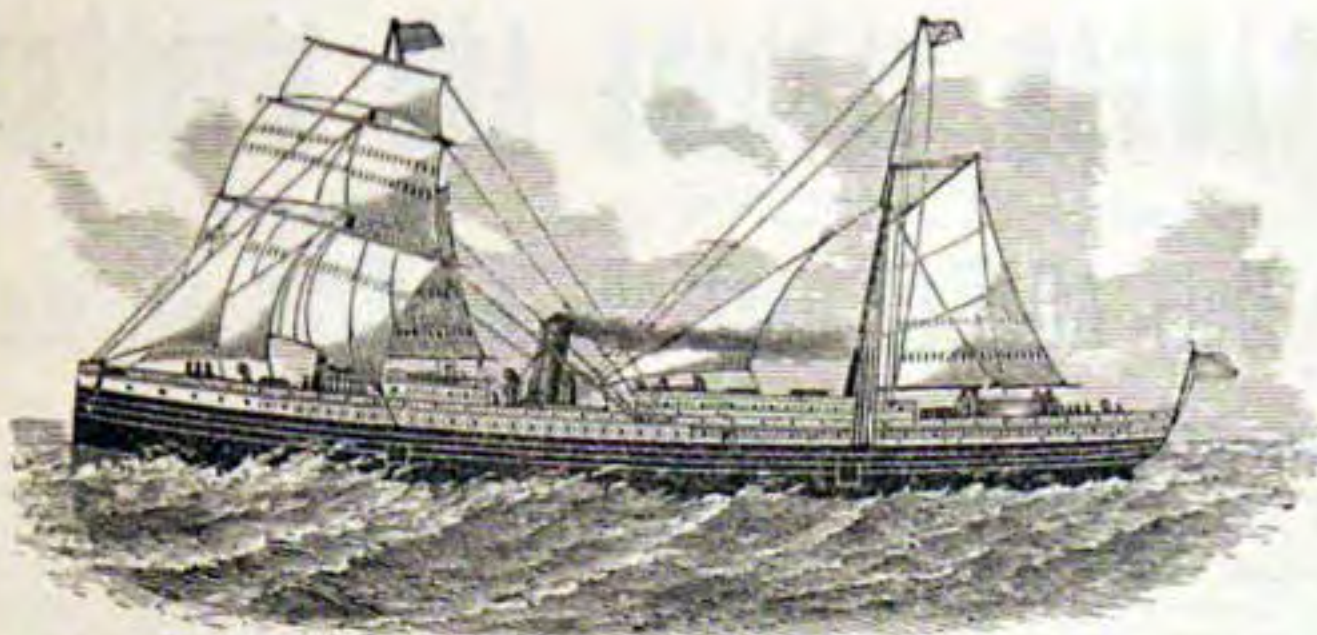
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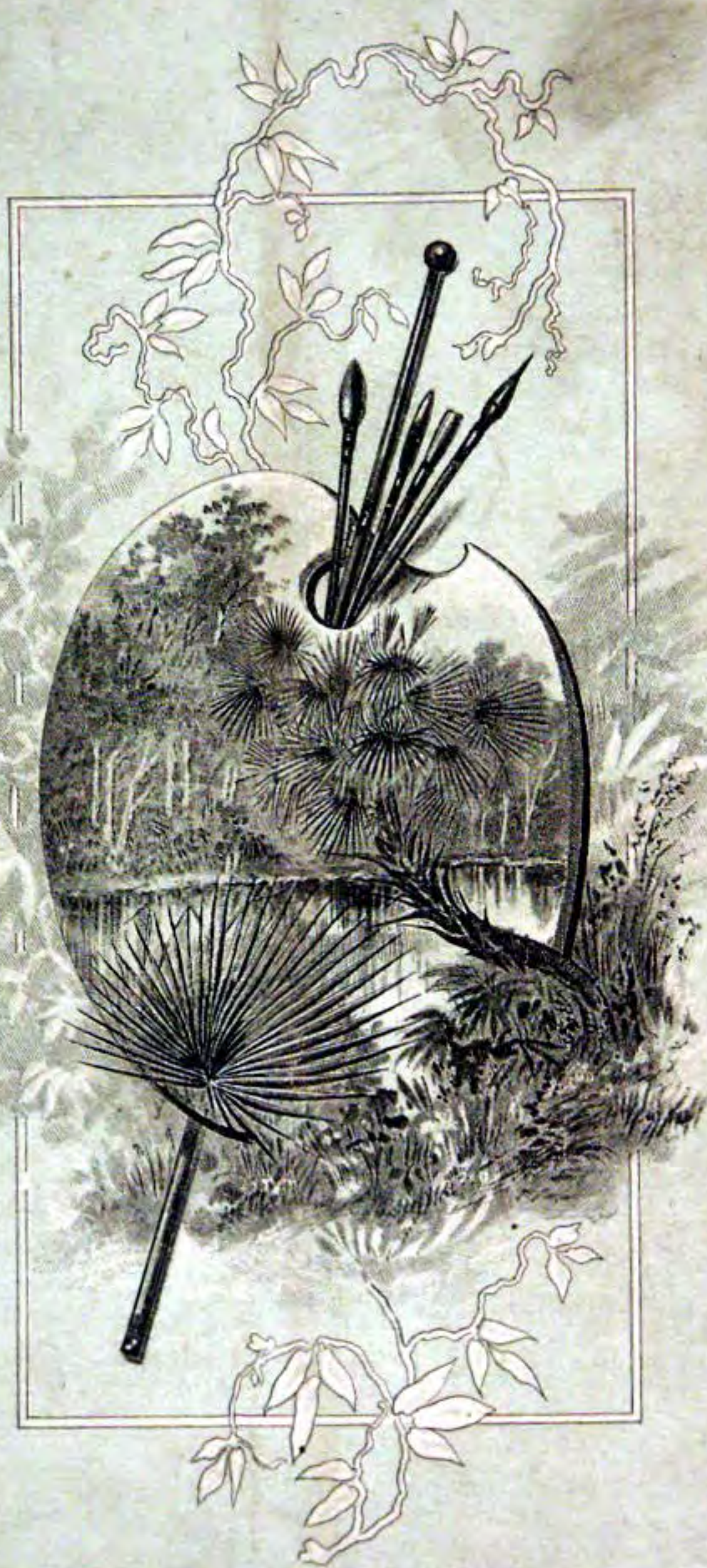
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